

# Dragons and Maelstroms

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Naruto

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Naruto U.

Pairings: Astrid/Naruto U.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-18 10:59:19

Updated: 2014-11-13 10:31:29

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:11:11

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,900

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: After the sealing of the Kyubbi and the death of Minato, the Shinigami finds a dying Kushina and Naruto. Filled with Pity for the family he decides to seal Kushina's soul into Naruto and bring him to a new world and a new family.

## 1. His Name is Naruto

AN: Hey people it's been quite a long while since I've wrote anything, mainly because I get lazyâ€¦. Sorry. But I'd like to try and get back into the habit of writing again if possible and will likely be issuing challenges every now and then. One of them is up now, I will also be writing my own story for this mash up of worlds.

As Always I don't own shit in the slightest. Not Naruto or HTTYD.

Prologue: His name is Naruto.

The Village of Konohagakure was burning, great flames consumed everything in their path. Building crumbled to the ground as their supports gave out. Hundreds of dead shinobi and civilians were scattered everywhere, covering even more of the village in a tint of red. Merely an hour ago the great nine tailed demon, Kyubii had attacked after a masked man had released it from its previous container Kushina Uzumaki. Both she and her husband had just had their first child, and had finally became a family. The young babe had only just been born when the masked man attacked.

The day had been so promising, she was going to become a mother but after the events that took place she now lay dying in a pool of her own blood. Her husband Minato lay feet away from her already dead. And in her arms was their child, unharmed, the only good thing to have happened this day.

"I'm so sorry Naruto, I'm so sorryâ€¦". More tears wetted her face at the realization that the start of their family was also the end of it.

'\_I won't be there to see him grow up'\_

'\_I won't see your first steps'\_

'\_Read you bedtime stories or rock you to sleep'\_

'\_Hold you when you're scared'\_

"â€¦ I'm so sorryâ€¦. Naruto."

As these thoughts plagued her she held her child closer as he slept soundly in his mother's warm embrace. She did not realize the presence within the area, nothing else mattered but this final moment with her son.

The figure resembled a shadow, hulking in size, long white hair that danced in the air. In one of its gnarled hands was a rusty tanto, with a fraying black handle. And in place of its face was a mask seen out of the most haunting of legends. The Shinigami, the very god of death.

He watched this display having only assisted moments before with resealing the great beast at the cost of the husband and father that now lay dead. He'd let the mother have her final moments before guiding her from this world. However as he continued to watch he began to feel something he hadn't felt within centuries. Pity.

'\_\*\*The child will not last if he remains here.' \*\*\_Thought the god. '\_\*\*'These foolish mortals will not follow what this man believed them capable of doing. They know enough and because of that they will fear him. That fear will turn to hate and your child will receive every blow that results from the source of that hatred.'\*\*\_

The child would die. But as the last seconds between mother and child drew to a close a decision had been made.

'\_\*\*I sense much strength in you child'\*\*\_

As Kushina was about to pass to the next world her soul was sealed into the infant. She would remain dormant for a long time, helping to maintain the seal and giving her the chance to see him grow up at least in some way.

"\_\*\*You shall live Namikaze Naruto! But not here for this world does not deserve you, instead you will live in another world, have a new home, a new destiny."\*\*\_

The death god picked up the child from Kushina's dead body and with a flick of his free hand\_\_opened a swirling purple and blue portal.

Stepping into the gateway with the child the god gave another look at the departed parents. And as it closed behind him all that drifted with the wind was his parting promise.

"\_\*\*Your child will live Kushina and Minato. He will live and he'll have a family. That much I will promise you."\*\*\_

\*\*~Berk~\*\*

Berk, a small island that serves as the home to many families of Vikings. The village that they resided in was made of various large houses designed with Nordic architecture and art in mind along with an armory, the main hall, the forge, and several ballistae. All this was set on the slope of various hills, the tallest was where the main hall resided and the home of the chief, Stoick the Vast, and his wife, Valka.

Tonight had been like almost every other night for Valka. She had spent the day helping her husband run the village as was expected of her. Where her husband fortified the village, settled disputes, and maintained the armory she assisted with tasks such as book keeping, keeping check of food supplies, listening to the concerns of villagers, and so on. Being the chieftain's wife was a job in and of itself. Both her and her husband had settled in early for the night after a busy day and supper. Stoic had fallen asleep hours ago, his rumbling snore provided enough evidence that he still was. Valka however one thought that kept her awake and continued to do so, motherhood.

She and Stoick had been trying for a child for the last two years now. They had received little success until about 12 months ago when it was confirmed that they were indeed going to have a child. Stoic had been so excited that he and Gobber had built the crib the very next day. It was a thing of beauty carefully carved by the expectant father and happy, soon to be, uncle. Ships, dragons, heroes, and animals had been carved into every inch of the light wood. She would've been able to tell her child stories using the pictures the men had carved into the crib, the story crib Gobber had dubbed it.

For three months they had prepared everything they could for their future family. Setting up a small nursery, sewing clothes and toys, creating furniture for the room, Stoick had even crafted a helmet for the babe.

Alas, the work was for naught, on the fourth month of her pregnancy Valka suffered a sudden miscarriage. The cause was unknown and while they had saved her it was too late for her child. The next two months she spent grieving for her unborn child, locking herself away in the house and isolating herself from everyone but Stoick. She returned to her duties three months after the event, they hadn't bothered cleaning out the nursery. It hurt too much to do so, it now lay locked behind a thick wooden door out of sight but never out of mind.

The fire was now dying down and sleep was finally about to take her when a sudden noise broke through the both the silence of the night and her husband's snoring.

'\_That sounds likeâ€¦ crying?' \_

The sound was getting louder as if demanding her attention. It drew her from her bed down the stairs to the front door, the source of the

sound seemed to be coming from behind it. Her hand reached for the handle and upon touching it paused for a moment before the crying resumed again.

As Valka opened the door she saw no person on her steps nor in the distance. The snow had fallen earlier that evening creating a thick blanket on the ground and the rest of Berk. No foot prints or tracks of any kind disturbed it.

The sound led her eyes to right before her feet, for there lied a bundle that wasâ€¦moving?

"By the godsâ€¦"

It was a baby! But who's? Who would leave their child on someone else's door step within a village like Berk?

The babe's crying snapped her from her shock long enough for her to realize that the child was still lying in the snow. When she finally took the child into her arms the crying finally stopped and Valka was met with the most mesmerizing blue eyes she had ever seen.

A baby boy no older than a few hours at best had appeared on her door step. What did this mean? Was this a sign from the Gods' themselves?

'Or perhaps' thought Valka 'a gift?'

Excited at the last prospect she finally called to her sleeping husband.

"Stoick! STOICK! Come here quick!"

A loud crash came from their upstairs bedroom. Her husband now fully awake came barreling down the stairs moments later sword in hand and helmet haphazardly placed upon his bed head.

"What is it! Is something attacking?! Is the village in danger?!" He yelled in his hoarse voice.

It was then that Stoick saw the bundle that now resided within her arms.

"Val, what is that you have there?"

Instead of saying anything more she showed him. The baby now fully awake stared back at the two, eyes wide with curiosity.

"Val my dear, who is this?" He asked softly not wanting to scare the boy.

A moment of silence resided between the two before she answered him. The name that came out felt like it had been just put there, that it was obvious and she had only just realized it.

"â€¦Narutoâ€¦" she finally said. "His name is Naruto."

**\*\*AN:** Hey guys, welcome to another chapter of "Dragons and Maelstroms". There were a few questions I would like to address first:**\*\***

**\_\*\*Will Hiccup be Naruto's brother?\*\*\_**

**\*\*Yes but he will not likely be playing a main role in the story other than being his younger brother. \*\***

**\_\*\*What will Naruto's dragon be?\*\*\_**

**\*\*It will not be Toothless. And while I like the night fury design it would be too predictable to just push that one onto Naruto. Toothless will also eventually show up but he will be in the same situation as Hiccup is.\*\***

**\*\*So without further ado, let's begin!\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer:** Honestly do I even need to say it? I don't own any of this shit.**\*\***

**\*\*Chapter #1: 5,479 days later \*\***

The village had not changed much in the past decade and a half since the lone babe was found on the snowy doorstep of the village chieftain and his wife. The boy grew quickly and excelled in all manners of combat, be it with sword, bow, spear, or barehanded. He was also very clever for a boy of only 15. It showed too, through only slight adjustments he had been able to reduce the weight of most of the heavier weapons in their armory when he was 11, thus preventing any Viking who wielded them to fatigue as quickly.

Stoick had never been prouder and was inclined to make him his heir too, it was the bonds that made a family not just blood after all.

There was one problem however; Naruto Hallvardr Haddock did not fight dragons.

"To arms! To arms!"

"Odin damns you, you scaly thieves!"

Which was unfortunate because half of the village was currently burning.

"Gobber!" Stoick called to his longtime friend, the villages' blacksmith and his son's mentor to the craft. "Where in Thor's name is Naruto?"

"I thought he was with you!" shouted back the blacksmith.

"Gods' above! Where is that boy?!" shouted Stoick as he backhanded a monstrous nightmare that had just swooped down to attack him shocking the beast. He then finished it with his axe while it was still in shock. Continuing to look for his son would have to wait, he decided, there were dragons to slay and a village to protect.

Meanwhile not too far from where his father was we find the boy in question. He now stood at 5'11 and was still growing. His musculature

was not as pronounced as his father but was nothing to sneeze at. For while it still was at a level at which he could move quickly and quietly without alerting anyone it did allow him to lift several times his own weight with ease. His hair, still the same sunny blonde since he had been born, was cropped short. While most Vikings in general preferred long hair he believed it to be more of a hindrance if an opponent were to use it to get ahold of him. His jaw and chin were well defined with little baby fat, it only attested to the fact that he was well on his way into manhood.

He wore a sleeveless, navy blue wool tunic with a black leather belt, dark brown pants that were tucked into his black leather, fur-lined boots. His forearms bore gauntlets made of black leather with the inside lined with fur, these gauntlets connected to fingerless gloves made of the same leather, on the backs of both were stitched metal plating to provide another way for him to block attacks if he was ever disarmed or without a weapon. The boots too had a bit of metal plating on the front and in the toe to provide a bit more of a devastating blow to anything he kicked. He had a long sword strapped to his waist, a dagger to his boot, and two small pouches attached to the back of his belt.

He didn't appear as the most standard of Vikings but few had ever managed to best him as is, so his father didn't pressure him about it as much as he could have.

As he surveyed the entire scene in front of him he couldn't stop himself from sighing in annoyance. Dragon attacks on Berk were hardly a rarity, it was all too common for him to be rudely awoken by explosions, the sound of fighting, or for the roof of his house to catch on fire in some manner. And while most were eager or content to fight the winged reptiles almost nightly, Naruto himself saw no point in it. The same cycle would repeat over and over again with the actual problem never being solved. The dragons would attack Berk for food, the Vikings would attack the dragons for taking their livestock, the dragons would retaliate, and the result would be a couple of dead dragons, a few mutilated or dead Vikings, and then the cycle would start again a few days later.

Unfortunately not many on Berk shared his views, other than his mother and baby brother Hiccup of course. But he made his thoughts much more known to everyone around him than either of them did. Perhaps it was for the better, their sanity was not as commonly questioned as his was.

Deciding that he should at least help with putting out the fires was better than doing nothing in this situation he jumped down the roof he had perched himself on. Checking again for any signs of immediate danger to the surrounding area and finding none, he took off in a sprint towards the ensuing chaos.

When he arrived a minute later he was enveloped into the usual chaos. Five huts had caught fire thanks to their flammable thatch roofs, the sheep were cowering in any crevice they could squeeze themselves into, and the seat of Ulfr's pants were smoldering yet again as he ran away from a small group of terrible terrors. Resisting the urge to smack himself he began to jog to where the bucket brigade was stationed but before he could a large hand grabbed onto his shoulder.

"Hang on there lad!" a hoarse voice yelled to him.

Turning around Naruto discovered the owner of the hand to be Gobber, his mentor. Before he could say anything, much less do anything, Gobber had steered him around and marched him into the forge.

"You my boy are going to help me in here" spoke the Viking veteran. "Now sharpen those axes on the counter, somehow these fools keep blunting them! I swear it's like their fighting they're fighting against boulders rather than dragons what with the way they keep bringing in these useless pieces of metal!"

Opening his mouth in protest and closing it just as fast, Naruto decided that it would be futile to argue with his mentor. Throwing on the leather apron, he set to work on his current assignment. Smiths were well respected in any Viking village, the Vikings would usually be defenseless without a good one. This was especially true in Berk, which would've burned down ages ago without the crafts of smiths like Gobber. But Naruto didn't like to be confined only to the forge when there was work to be done elsewhere and he itched to at least get out to set the village in working order again as he sharpened and repaired many of the damaged weapons that were brought in.

Almost an hour had passed and the fighting was still raging on outside.

"\_MY GODS' WILL IT EVER END?" \_thought the blond apprentice.

Frustrated and tired he decided to sneak out when the chance presented itself moments later when Gobber had left to join the fight as well. Throwing his apron off and into the corner he ran back outside, checking to make sure the neither Gobber nor his father were close by. As he ran to the well he passed his peers which composed the majority of said bucket brigade.

First there was Snotlout Jorgenson, He was apparently a distant relative of the Haddock clan and was the same age as Naruto and the rest of their peer group. Their relationship was far from kinship as Snotlout would often try to bully Naruto into submission to prove himself as the better Viking. Naruto had a healthy dislike of Snotlout because of this but had never taken any of his crap. Every competition they had ended with Naruto besting the arrogant prick.

Next there was Fishlegs Ingerman, son of the village's most prominent fisherman. Naruto and Fishlegs never had any significant problems with the other, they had no dislike for the other but had no friendship outside of that. Naruto believed Fishleg's to be too much of a know-it-all while Fishleg's didn't agree with Naruto's views on dragons. To avoid any debate they didn't associate and both seemed okay with that.

The twins were next, Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston. Both were odd even by Berk's standards. Tuffnut had no respect for neither his family, sister, authority, and especially not Naruto. He often joined Snotlout in mocking him and in getting his ass handed to them right after. Naruto's rules were simple, respect him and he will respect you, if not then business had to be settled. And Tuffnut, like Snotlout, was usually on the receiving end of said business. Ruffnut

however, unlike her brother, held at least some respect for him, she did however tease him sometimes but never to extent as the two dolts. There were moments when she showed compassion for others they were rare but much more common than her brother's.

Finally was Naruto's childhood crush, Astrid Hofferson. He still was attracted to her, there was never any doubt in his mind, however she had become more brash and arrogant over the years. And while she would not outright belittle Naruto she wouldn't stop herself from taking any shots at him when they were available. This had curbed Naruto's crush for her significantly and while there were moments that he saw the girl from his childhood in her it was often masked by her arrogant attitude. His mother always smiled whenever she heard Naruto talk about or interact with Astrid even when he was complaining about her attitude. Every time he asked why her reply would be the same, "My gut is just telling me something." And leave it at that despite Naruto's prodding afterwards.

Try as he might to avoid their eyes they spotted him anyway, his luck today was seriously sucking.

"Hey looky here everybody it's Naruto!" roared Snotlout as an haughty smirk covered his face. "Finally gonna try and be a real Viking for a change? And here I thought you'd be at home, hiding under your bed!"

His words aroused various responses from the group, Naruto and Ruffnut rolled their eyes, Tuffnut snickered, Fishlegs sighed, and Astrid ignored him completely. Naruto decided that he'd get back at Snotlout for that remark later, for now he had to wait until the battle ended. Astrid however wasn't going to let him go so easily.

"Naruto why can't you be useful for once? She asked, an annoyed look on her face. "You're not fighting, you're not fixing weapons, and you're not running damage control! Did you decide to just take a nightly stroll or something?"

Fighting the urge to make a retort, the boy attempted to continue on his way. Only for another hand to stop him again, this time it belonged to Snotlout.

"The lady asked you a question you sack of shit!"

"Oh yeah?" replied Naruto. "Well to answer her question I've been fixing weapons for the past hour. Five battle axes, six swords, ten spears, three cudgels, and two maces."

After saying this he turned towards Astrid.

"And what've you guys done since this began? The fire has spread and I can tell why after seeing you guys' attempt at dousing one a second ago. The water didn't even lick the flames, worst yet there was an explosion right after! Yeah I've made so much more of a contribution than you guys have tonight."

"Puh-leeze! You probably didn't even do half the work you said you did and even then that's grunt work!" yelled Astrid.

"Oh really? And pretending to put out fires is somehow contributing



more tonight how exactly?"

Before the argument could escalate any farther Naruto noticed something out of the corner of his eye. His father Stoick was fighting dragons left and right, a common sight on nights like these but what made Naruto stop was the current dragon Stoick had locked his sights on.

It was a deadly nadder, but it was smaller than any of the others he had seen before. It was still a baby, still innocent and his father was bearing down on it ready to smite it for its crimes. The only crime it ever committed though was following the other dragons to food, trying to survive.

No longer listening to Astrid, Naruto ran towards his father.

"DAD NO!"

As his father's arm rose, ready to strike the killing blow Naruto tackled him. His momentum was enough to upset his father's balance and both fell to the dirt.

"WHAT THE-?"

Turning towards the baby, Naruto struggled to hold his father down long enough for it to make its escape.

"GO!" he cried. "GO NOW!"

Not needing to be told twice the young dragon took a running head start before taking to the air and into the night sky. Once he was sure it was far away and safe Naruto was knocked off by father.

"Naruto!"

"Would it be enough to say that I'm not sorry?"

**\*\*Chapter End\*\***

**\*\*AN: That's it for this chapter. Hopefully I'll find the motivation to update soon, college is not a friendly muse.\*\***

**\*\*Naruto's dragon will make an appearance next chapter as will his brother and his mom.\*\***

**\*\*No Valka will not be taken by cloud jumper. I've got something else planned for those two for now.\*\***

**\*\*That's all for now\*\***

**\*\*JA NE!\*\***

End  
file.